

The Cincinnati Star.

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THE STAR is the only STRICTLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER published in Cincinnati. It is taken and read by people of all parties and shades of opinion, and it seeks to present the news of all kinds fairly and faithfully, with justice to all and with especial favor to none.

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Two newspapers have suspended within a week at Joliet, Ill. Journalism does not seem to flourish in the shadow of the Penitentiary.

CETEWAY saved his own hide from the battle of Ulandi, and he is probably sitting solemnly on some distant hill watching his people feast on British rations.

On Monday two old maids committed suicide together at Chicago, but there is no moral for the unwedded in the fact. Only the day previous two married women drowned themselves together at Decatur, Ill.

The City of Kharkoff, Russia, offers superior inducements to vigilant, wide-awake men. Every citizen is forced to employ special night-watchmen, and keep thirty buckets of water in constant readiness for incendiary fires.

APPLICATIONS for space in our Exposition have come in with more promptness than ever before, and all familiar with such matters say the Exposition of 1879 will be by far the greatest event of the kind in the history of Cincinnati.

If Buford retires to the privacy of the Penitentiary, who shall succeed him in his capacity as Judge-killer? Must his fondly-prized shot-gun be permitted to repose upon a peg, while so many Judges are running around loose in Kentucky?

CONTRARY to the expectations of almost everybody, the negro exodus appears to be rather than away from Memphis. There is a temptation associated with the pleasant memories of last year's rations which they apparently can not resist.

SOME sort of an international law will have to be framed for the protection of foreign sportsmen. Another American rifleman carried off the honors at Wimbledon yesterday. Let us show a little modesty, gentlemen, and give other countries a show.

THE British have won a battle in Zululand, and upon the strength of this Chelmsford and Wolsley declare the war virtually ended. As Ceteway has a disagreeable habit of gaining an occasional victory himself, however, he will probably take a hand in closing up the contest.

MUCH prosperity hath made King Humbert mad, and now he aspires to be a newspaper man and with the reporters stand. True there is wealth and power and influence in the reporter's cedar pencil oftentimes, but for a steady flow of these things Humbert had better stick to his silver mounted scepter.

FIVE days in the week Henry Carson, a Texas school teacher, struggled with the young ideas of his scholars, and the two days of his recreation he spent in robbing stage coaches. The authorities could not reconcile his two occupations, however, and Carson's scholars are left without an intellectual guide.

Nor many years ago the tomato, regarded as a curiosity, or as a mere ornament of the ground, was plucked from its vine only to be fed to pigs. Mankind has however supplanted the pig in its consumption, and the statistics show that the value of tomatoes canned last year, to say nothing of those otherwise used, was \$1,000,000.

A GIGANTIC ENTERPRISE. Probably there is no company or business enterprise of such immense dimensions as the Krupp Gun Manufacturing Company. In these works there are altogether employed about eighteen thousand men. One single establishment employs 5,000 workmen. Engines with an aggregate of 110,000 horse-power are in use, and, amongst other things, they work 77 trip-hammers, varying in weight from 200 pounds to 50 tons each.

Within the past two years 15,000 cannon have been sent out on their mission of destruction, and about 300 are made on an average each month. The Krupp works cover a large territory, in which are several villages inhabited exclusively by employees and their families. A railroad with twenty-five locomotives and 700 trucks and cars is in operation within this district, and connecting with the nearest railway station. There are also twenty-four telegraph stations and eight steam fire engines in the service of this gigantic company.

The iron ore is mined by 5,000 workmen, mostly in the north of Spain. Two hundred thousand tons are used annually, and this is conveyed from the mines to the works by five large steamers which belong to the Company. 3,278 tenements for employees have been erected, in which 16,200 people find homes. Even the provisions for this vast crowd are bought by agents of the works in the most favorable markets of the world.

Four schools for the education of the

children and one industrial school for girls and women are supported by the Company, and nothing is left unprovided for in the interests of laborers and employees or their families.

In the Krupp works for the manufacture of death-dealing engines there seems to be no gaunt-eyed famine or destitution such as from time to time drives the factory hands of Fall River and Lowell and Lawrence to desperation, in this blessed land of liberty and abundance, but this Company is not above looking out to see that the toiler—the human muscle that works miracles out of crude materials—is properly cared for and housed and fed and educated.

Editorial Spinings.

The Government is about to have its laws printed in blue ink, in order that they may be read and white and blue.

Sitting Bull appears to be hatching mischief in Canada. We have suspected he was not sitting still together on mares' nests for some time past.

The happy suggestion is made with reference to insure people who have the habit of shooting flies of letting the Conner sit on them. This would be a saving of time and expense to the courts.

If Old Probabilities does not come home soon that pretence of life will have every Highlander, if not the entire Northwest, laked to a cinder with the hot weather that is intended for Memphis and the Gulf coast—Where?

The New York Commercial Advertiser thinks the boarding-house of the future will be established on boats on the bay. The idea is plausible, for, think of the expense of going down to see the laundry to ask her water terms are bad as included.

Spirit of the German Papers. (The Volksfreund.)

The investigation of the last Congressional elections in Hamilton County are beginning to get decidedly interesting. The witnesses who were before the Grand Jury, as is well known, swore that they knew nothing, but probably they did know something. The witnesses, however, who appear before the Congressional Committee know something, and they are saying so. There is a strong prospect that the Democrats by means of the investigation will secure a telling campaign document. The Republicans up to this time were laughing over the investigation, but there will soon be a change of heart in their camp. He who laughs last, laughs best.

(The Volksfreund.)

No trial has been watched for some time past with as much interest as the one decided yesterday in Owensboro, Ky., against Tom Buford. Against all expectations the accused was found guilty. But he has escaped the gallows. His punishment is only penitentiary for life. We say only, for nothing but the execution of Buford would be a proper punishment for his crime. A sentence of imprisonment for life does not amount to much in this country, especially for a prominent criminal, whose family influence is great enough to secure his pardon within a few years. If any one desires to see the first license and sentenced to imprisonment for life, Buford, for so long a time a crime has been committed with more premeditation and reflection as this one.

(The Volksfreund.)

The brutal case of Judge Hilton, who two years ago refused the Jews admittance to the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, has been recently initiated, and this by the Manhattan Beach Company of New York. What has led to this, by which a very respectable class of our population is ostracized in the most unbecoming manner, is still a matter of conjecture.

(Yesterday's Abend Post.)

Tom Buford, the murderer of Judge Elliott, was found guilty at 10 o'clock this morning, in Owensboro, Ky., of murder in the first degree and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The insanity dodge has saved his life.

(The Volksfreund.)

Whirled without end—the waters of Niagara into Lake Ontario.—[New York News.]

The fellow made a bad ball when he went to steal a squash and got gourd.—[Boston Transcript.]

There are enough selfish men to accept all the sacrifices one can make.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Advice to some would be wise: "A little wisdom now and then is relished by the most foolish men."—[Oil City Derrick.]

When the time arrives for a baby to commence eating bread you should break it to him gently.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

A Bridgeport man drew a revolver to shoot a cat and shot himself instead, to the great grief of the cat.—[Danbury News.]

Better bare feet and contentment therewith than patent-leather boots and a corn on each toe.—[Marathon Independent.]

When a man goes a-fishing and don't catch any fish can you call him a try-angular sort of a fellow?—[Escanaba Iron Port.]

It too often happens that in pursuing happiness we are, as it were, only chasing a pig with a greased tail.—[Hacksack Republican.]

It doesn't do to look squint-eyed at a man with a pistol in Texas, unless you prefer to look like a porous plaster.—[Herald P.]

There's many a man whose highest ambition is to successfully contest a seat on a nail keg in a corner grocery.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.]

It is said that it is better to improve by other people's errors than to find fault with them; but, oh! it's such fun to find fault with them.—[New York Mail.]

Thunderstorms come to the just as well as to the unjust. They arise darkly and dimly in the evening, just at a time when a man thinks of taking his girl out for ice cream, and when, therefore, she can not go.—[New York Herald.]

Before getting their hair cropped short, people would do well to cut the following paragraph out and paste it in their hats: "The coolest ground in summer is found under the tail grass, and not on the cropped lawn."—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

(Boston Commercial Bulletin.)

A tub race—Washerwomen.

Original humor—Vaccine virus.

A round trip—Falling over a marble.

The girl of the period—Rusty Kate.—[St. Louis Times Journal.]

If poverty is a disgrace, mended stockings are a darned shame.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

The Peruvians do not seem to be very

good fighters; their bark is evidently worse than their bite.

Playin' "Pinafore" has been very popular, and this week we have had a colored "Pinafore" in Boston.

The repeal of the duty on quinine must please the free-traders in ships, as they will now have at least one free bark.

The report that Dr. Mary Walker was about to appear in a kilt probably arose from some fellow saying she was a tart up.

"There is no place like Chicago," says a Chicago paper. "That is so, and a lucky thing it is, too."—[Buffalo Express.]

Rev. Collyer was a blacksmith. This is the reason that he can so readily rivet the attention of an audience.—[Kansas City Times.]

Ears are visionary organs. Who hasn't heard of an ear-sighted man?—[Post.]

On that basis we suppose that a man who stays for the afterpiece is a face-sighted man.

Some men are captivated by a woman's laugh, just as some men pretend to be afraid of the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A correspondent asks if the first game of base-ball was not when the dove "went out on a fly from the ark"? It may have been, although we have heard Cain struck a foul blow and was the first base man.

(Chicago Commercial Advertiser.)

Where does the devil fish? Heart seas—Those of matrimony.

Does the goat ever butt her milk? If one political party outranks the other, outranks.

Swear not at all. The fall of A-dam cursed the whole race.

When the farmer dresses his hog he scrupulously scrupulously.

It is reported that Mount Etna has given up smoking. This is laudable.

The removal of the duty on quinine ought to diminish the number of Shakers.

The New York dog-pound is open for the summer, and the noddies don't want a chance to go mad.

Boston has a "Hardy-Ever Temperance Society." We presume it is a sort of Ginepro organization.

Here, Boys, Read This! (Hartford Courant.)

Some thirty years ago the New York and New Haven railroad had just begun running on a single track. One afternoon a country boy of about fifteen was standing near the track at a cross-road half way between Stamford and Darien. He heard a train coming from the latter station just as a New York train came in sight in the opposite direction. He ran to the track and, waving his hat, caught the attention of the engineer, and by his earnest manner and his pointing in the opposite direction, convinced him that a train was coming around the bend. He instantly applied the brakes and stopped the train just in time to escape a disastrous collision.

The railroad company expressed its gratitude at the time by the present of a valuable silver cup and a life pass over the road. This was not all; a year or two later the boy was taken into the employ of the company and instructed in mechanical engineering, for which he exhibited an aptitude. He was an industrious worker, honest, intelligent and ambitious, and rose to a responsible and lucrative position with the company.

He settled in New Haven, where his worth was recognized, and he was chosen to a number of honorable offices, all of which he filled with the same noble efficiency. Then the Standard Manufacturing company, one of the largest and most profitable concerns in the state, sought his services, and here too he continued his successful career. To-day he is a director and general superintendent of this establishment, is a director of the Yale national bank of New Haven, is interested in half a dozen or more profitable manufacturing concerns, and is one of the most prominent and respected men in the city and of the state.

He represents the city at present in the general assembly, his name being John H. Leeds, and his native modesty will probably cause him to object to the brief sketch which is written because the lesson it teaches is a valuable one.

(Yesterday's Abend Post.)

Birds Must Die and Children Starve. London Letter in N. Y. Times.

The other day I came upon a new store in the city. The windows were fairly dazzling with color. A stray sunbeam falling upon them, the shop front flashed back a rainbow of blue and green and red and yellow, indigo and vermilion, amber and black and white. I paused to gaze.

It was a store devoted to the modern fashion of adorning ladies' hats, bonnets, and dresses with butterflies. All the corners of the earth had been ransacked to satisfy this new craze. Whole birds, birds' wings, tails, breasts, were here by the thousand. Butterflies and hummingbirds, vivid and beautiful of arrangement. It is true there are lots of stores in London devoted to specimens of "natural history," where these things may be purchased; but here is a shop full of them, not as studies or specimens, but as articles of adornment.

Travelers and others tell me that bird slaughter as a trade has now reached proportions which threaten the very extinction of some of the rarest, as well as gayest, species. One can understand this when it is stated on authority that a German dealer in this city recently received a consignment of 32,000 dead hummingbirds, 80,000 aquatic birds of several varieties, and 500,000 pairs of wings. This to one dealer alone, while at the same time all the other traders are increasing their orders to foreign shippers.

There is something very sad in these figures. Surely our women cannot think about the subject, or they would never promote this sacrifice of bird life for a mere freak of fashion. The rage for feather-trimming has almost annihilated the ribbon trade of Coventry. Men, women, and children in that once busy city are starving because fashion has produced a new style of ornament. So that to please the latest whim birds must die and children must starve. You may stand on the bridge at Coventry now and see scores of people loitering there who, but for the superseding of ribbons by feathers, would be busily at work in the locked up mills.

Better Late than Never.

The physician told Thomas Smith, of Warrenton, Mo., that he must die within a few hours. "Are you sure of that?" Smith earnestly asked. Then Smith confessed the murder of Greensbury Clark, 40 years ago.

The Art of Talking.

If we notice closely we shall find that the people who are the most popular in social life are those who understand not only how to talk themselves, but how to make others talk.

This is a very valuable gift. To be able to direct conversation as not to display your own knowledge, but to draw out the opinions and quicken the thoughts of those with whom you talk—is this an accomplishment indeed.

It makes each a contributor to the enjoyment of all, it leaves each with a pleasant sense of having said something which others were glad to hear. This is very different from the consciousness of having been bored or snubbed—or both, which lesser folks often carry away from the presence of a fluent and charming talker.

There is a good deal of this sort of conversational missionary work waiting to be done, and the time we spend in chatting about the weather might be very profitably devoted to it. It should be borne in mind that there is scarcely any one of average intelligence who can not, if he is properly taught, talk interestingly and instructively about at least one thing—the thing with which he is practically most familiar, or which is connected with his regular business or labor.

Your companion in the car or on the street, a machinist, a manufacturer, an artist, a builder,—lead the conversation soundly on the one subject if there are no others, in which he is sure to be interested. The result will be that you will please him, and will gain fresh knowledge yourself. Whoever talks much thus with specialists upon their chosen departments of labor or thought will get together a fund of valuable information, not to be learned from the books.

A Home for Bachelors. (Letter in Free Press.)

Some one has said that "home" is the best word in the language. It is also the most abused word. We have homes of every kind. We have sailors' homes, soldiers' homes, homes for old women, orphans' homes, young women's homes, children's homes, railroad men's homes, actors' homes, homes for the aged, Masons' homes, Odd Fellows' homes, temperance homes and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by the way this Holmes wrote of the home for aged and decayed punsters. Be it ever so numerous there is nothing so multiplex as home.

One of the latest experiments in the matter of homes was the Stewart attempt to make a home for old maids. That home failed. And every woman said she knew it would. Spiteful men said that the women would rather bear the ills they have at home than those which they have in their solitary prison. Evidently the women that Stewart built his home for thought it was not good for them to live alone. Almost every class of people have been provided with a home except bachelors, and no one seems to have thought of this unfortunate brotherhood until Mr. Sherwood of New York started this home for bachelors and artists—a veritable bachelor's hall.

The building will be seven stories high, made of brick and granite with iron trimmings. There will be fifty-six suits of rooms, and each bachelor can suit his own decorative taste in furnishing his apartments.

"Refuge, in Cases of Incompatibility." (Harpers Weekly.)

Mr. Will Carlton should be appointed a sort of general referee in all future cases of "incompatibility." The Chicago Inter-Ocean gives an interesting account of a venerable-looking man who called upon the city attorney for the purpose of obtaining a divorce from his wife, with whom he had lived forty years, and had reared a large family. There had been no criminality, only a lively dispute. Mr. Tutthill, the attorney, talked kindly with the old gentleman, told him that his wife had been wronged, and concluded by asking if he had ever read Will Carlton's poem, "Betsy and I Are Out." He had never heard of it. "Buy and read it," said the lawyer; "it contains a case parallel to your own." It was done. A few days afterward the city attorney received the following letter by mail:

"My Dear Sir: I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for your kindly advice in relation to my domestic affliction. I acted upon your suggestion, and it had the desired effect. We are reunited, never again, I trust, to part until the angel of death shall visit one of us. God bless Will Carlton for his little ballad, and God bless you for making it known to me! May you never know anything but peace. Yours gratefully,

A Lecture to Ticket Agents. (Fortney's Progress.)

Colonel Forney, in his newspaper, reads a lecture to ticket agents which should be appreciated and indorsed by the public. He says:

"Nearly all of us have growled at what we consider the brusqueness if not downright impudence of ticket sellers at railroad stations, in theatre boxes, and of hotel clerks. These ladies and gentlemen, for occasionally nowadays you find a woman selling railroad tickets and doing similar duty, frequently are peevish and short in answer. All of which is exactly what they ought not to be. They are paid for their work; much or little, it matters nothing; when they accept the office they agree to the pay, and a very important part of that work is to treat the customers of their employers with politeness. That the public has a right to expect of them. But is nothing required of the public in return? Reference is not intended now to those stupid creatures who ask silly questions and who wear away all patience and time. Nothing will ever change them; their ignorance is too deep seated ever to be dug out.

But there is the man who addresses the hotel clerk as if he was his special lackey, who hangs at the window of the theatre as if the gentleman in the office were there only to take the ticket, who does nothing but to attract attention to himself, and succeeds at the cost of being set down as a ruffian. He presumes on the position of the person he insults; he would not dare to do so towards him, were he to meet him away from his duty. He is, therefore, a cowardly, mean fellow."

After using up several pounds of chalk and completely wearing out a blackboard or two, we have estimated that if all the breath expended during the last century in political discussions could be brought together it would, if its strength was in proportion to its volume, form a hurricane powerful enough to blow Bunker Hill into the sea; but if its strength was only commensurate to the benefits resulting from it when first expended, it wouldn't cause the slightest tremor in the tails of an old shirt a spend on a clothes-line in full range of the blast.

MISS ARNOLD.

Another Story of Love that was True, but Didn't Run Smooth.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES," ETC.

That night Mrs. Melwyn was very, very low, indeed. And when she went up to her dressing-room, and Catherine having kissed her tenderly, with a heart quite divided between anxiety for her and a sense of happiness that would make itself felt in spite of all, had retired to her room, the mother sat down, poor thing, in the most comfortable arm-chair that was ever invented, but which imparted no comfort to her; and placing herself by a merry, blazing fire, which was reflected from all sorts of cheerful, pretty things with which the dressing-room was adorned, her feet upon a warm, soft footstool of Catherine's own working, her elbow resting upon her knee, and her head upon her hand, she, with her eyes bent mournfully upon the fire, began crying very much. And so she sat a long time, thinking and crying, very sorrowful, but not in the least repining. Meditating upon all sorts of dismal things, filled with all kinds of melancholy forebodings, as to how it would, and must be, when Catherine was really gone, she sank, at last, into a sorrowful reverie, and sat quite absorbed in her own thoughts, till she, who was extremely punctual in her hour of going to bed, fell asleep best known to herself, though never conceded to any human being, namely, that her maid very much disliked sitting up for her, started as the clock in the hall sounded eleven and two quarters, and almost with the trepidation of a child, rose and rang the bell. Nobody came. This made her still more uneasy. It was Randall's custom not to answer her mistress' bell the first time, when she was cross. And poor Mrs. Melwyn dreaded few things in this world more than cross looks in those about her, especially in Randall, and that Randall knew perfectly well.

"She must have fallen asleep in her chair, poor thing. It was very thoughtless of me," Mrs. Melwyn did not say, but her face showed it, if people ever did speak to themselves alone.

Even in this sort of mute soliloquy she did not venture to say, "Randall will be very ill-tempered and unreasonable." She rang again; and then, after a proper time yielded to the claims of offended dignity, it pleased Mrs. Randall to appear.

"I'm very sorry, Randall. Really, I had no idea how late it was. I was thinking about Miss Catherine, and I missed it when it struck ten. I had not the least idea it was so late," began the mistress in an apologetic tone, to which Randall, in an unpolitic tone, answered, "You were not in your room, and I don't know what time it is."

"You were not in your room, and I don't know what time it is," answered Mrs. Melwyn, "but I am sure it is not late."

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